

The city stood still and breathless that night
As if someone grabbed right by the balls
Hurricane Kazz was born on the site
Like with most people, it wasn't his call...
Time passes slowly in solitude
He gave up all comfort - ever his watch
A Robinson's life - lonely and crude
In his Kon-Tiki on the sea of scotch

His biggest dream was caviar and champagne
His Dolce Vita - 'Discovolante'
Comic hangovers he would never feign
Cascading puke's el Commendante
He found his home right here in the gutter
And this kind of home gave him no address
He would melt hearts like premium butter
His way with broads brought him no success...

Let the night begin you nasty wizard
When life is over the party's on
When your god is out show your tail of a lizard
No more remorse

Trembling like monarchs on bastille day
Frantically jumping but out of time
Hands put together as if to pray
No rosary beads his fingers would climb...
And so he did go right down to hell
Died on the bumpy road where he ran
A shot of vodka shamelessly fell
Onto the grave of that godless man

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